AURORA

H.T.H.S.

1911

AURORA

Published by the

Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven

Hobart Township High School

Hobart, - Indiana

Volume Four

HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL


DEDICATED TO OUR
SUPERINTENDENT
MR. G. H. THOMPSON
Marguerite

LEWIS E. BARNES, Township Trustee

To whom is intrusted the business management of our schools, and to whose well-directed energy may be attributed the erection and equipment of the handsome and commodious addition to our High School Building.

G. H. THOMPSON, Superintendent
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1907
Principal Hobart Township High School 1895-1905
Superintendent Hobart Schools 1905—

Walter A. Zaugg
Principal High School, Science and German
B. Sc., B. Ped., A. B.,
Valparaiso University 1908

C. E. Newlin
History and English
State Normal and Valparaiso University

Miss Gola F. Baker
Supervisor of Music

Miss Edith Wood
Commercial

Miss Olga Neef
Music
H. T. H. S. '09

Miss Helen M. Quinnell
Latin and Mathematics
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1910

Miss Mabel C. Monroe
Supervisor of Music and Drawing
Resigned April 1, 1911

Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven

Class Mottoes

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit

Aber wer fest auf dem Sinne beharrt,
der bildet die Welt sich.

Class Flower
Marguerite

Class Colors
Gray and Gold

FOR THE CLASS OF 1911

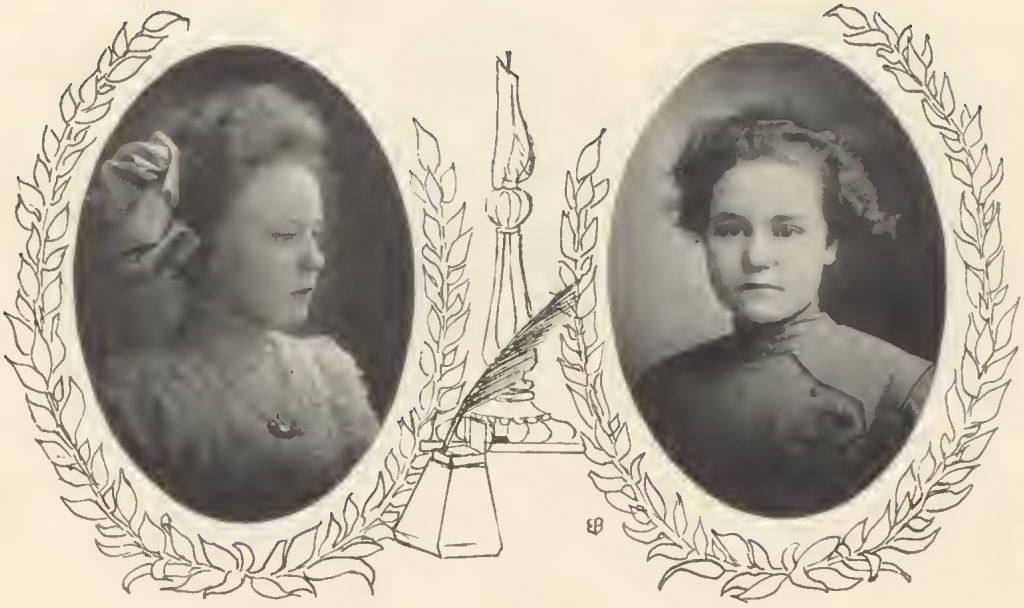
O, Tennyson, thy sweet sad song
Hath rung through half a hundred years,
And some have dimmed their eyes with tears,
And gone their way with heart more strong.

Thy love hath won a crown for thee,
And Hallam might have added worth;
Who loves not, gains no crown on earth,
And love wins all eternity.

G. H. T.

Class Officers

Paul Bruebach, President
Rose Phillips, Vice President
Carl Lennertz, Secretary and Treasurer

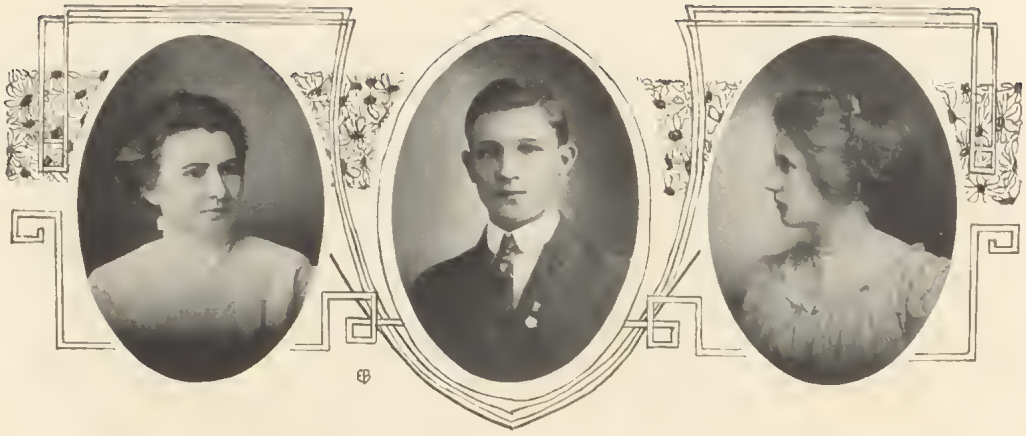


MARGUERITE SWANSON

Marguerite is winning, gracious and sweet,
And in works artistical she cannot be beat;
She is going to leave us next New Year's day
To live in Crown Point, which is not far away.
And though she'll be surrounded by all that life lends,
We know she will always think us her best friends.

ISA BULLOCK

Here is Isa, a Princess famous in song,
She has written us poems, and around them shall throng
Innumerable memories of high school days
When we read the "Aurora." "Katonka" we praise,
For the make-up was faithful, the character true,
And a wreath of bright laurel is no more than her due.



EMMA GRUEL

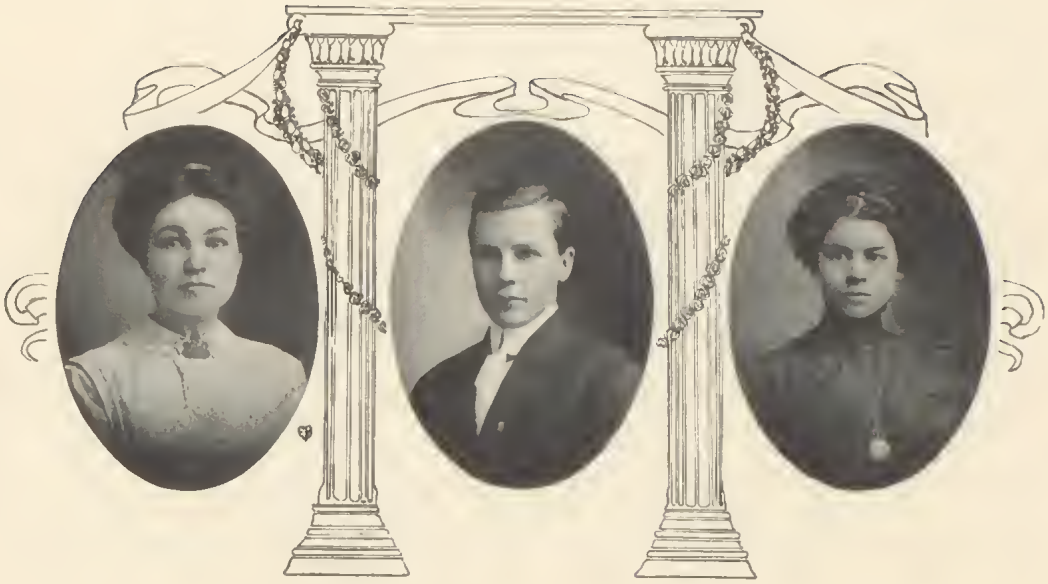
Emma is graceful, quiet and tall,
An occasional lark does not make her grades fall.
She came from the country, a fresh blooming lass,
She enjoys all the fun that belongs to our class.
She has done her part nobly through four years of school,
Her record is clear and her temper is cool.

HERBERT HARTNUP

Here the Valedictorian now you behold,
For one of his size, he is really quite old.
Of late, he has shown a desire to be great
By giving orations that make us dilate.
His report cards contain high grades galore,
His average for four years exceeds ninety-four.

ALICE LARSON

Do you hear that girl laughing with hearty good will?
For twelve years she has laughed and laughed louder still.
She is packed full of mischief from eyebrows to toes,
And is famous for parties as every one knows.
We shall never forget her and all of her fun,
And shall always call Alice a favorite one.



ROSE PHILLIPS

Rose came from Crown Point on the first day of school,
Determined to study according to rule.
She has won many friends in our last school year,
And the friendships thus formed we shall ever hold dear.
Rose is a prophetess, wise as can be,
And our future is written in her prophecy.

CARL LENNERTZ

Here's Carl, the great orator, noted and wise;
In two contests, he won for us the first prize.
And famous again as Miles Standish was he,
For his acting as Captain filled us with glee.
Of him, all his classmates now feel duly proud,
And we'll sing to him praises, in voices most loud.

ELMAIDA JOHNSTON

A favorite of all, for her sweetness and grace,
Is Elmaida, the girl with a bright winning face.
A writer she is and most skilled with her pen;
We are filled with desire to hear her again.
The beautiful song is the beautiful voice;
That's Elmaida, Priscilla, whatever your choice.

BERTHA KRAFT

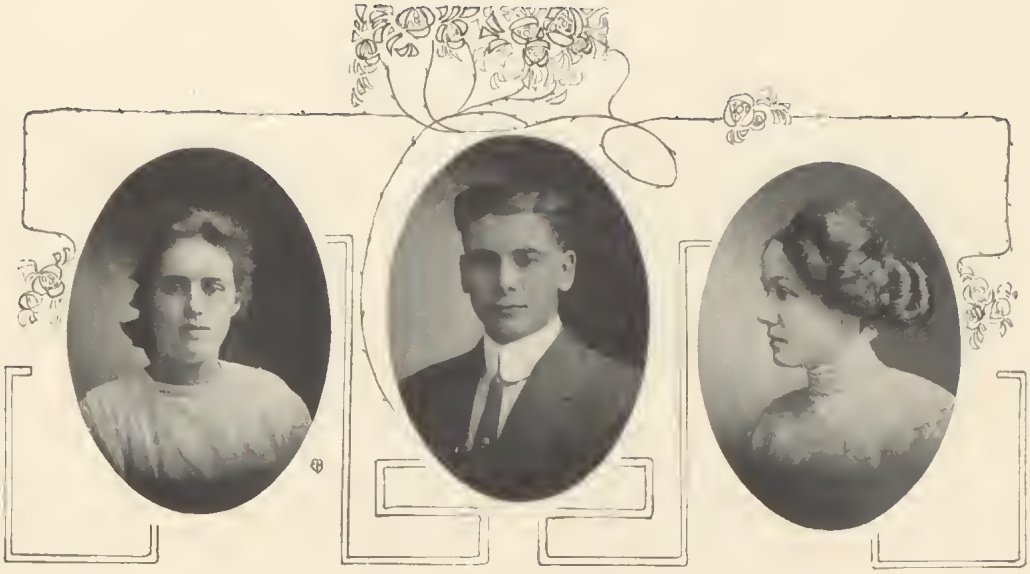
Bertha is quiet, and good, and sincere,
With never much nonsense and ever good cheer.
Faithful to school work and faithful to friends,
She loves the child heart and the joy that it lends.
Fond of typewriting, English, science, all three,
But now school is over she is glad to be free.

PAUL BRUEBACH

A popular youth, and the reason is plain,
Have you seen those brown eyes? Does not that explain?
In Physics he's noted because of the skill
Displayed in his drawings. The Pequot would kill
Captain Standish. He seldom is caught taking naps,
Though the evening before he's been playing the traps.

CORA DEMMON

This is Cora, a witty and sweet little lass,
She has done some good work in arithmetic class.
Wherever is Cora, a laugh's sure to be,
For she's jolly, and clever, and pleasant to see.
She came here a stranger a short time ago,
She is one of us now and shall always be so.



ELSA ROSE

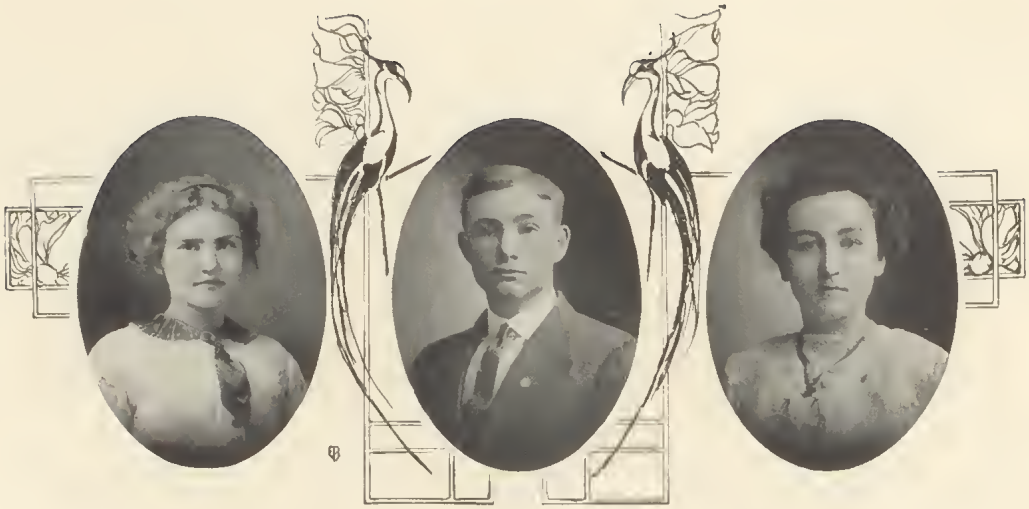
Elsa is earnest and works very, very hard,
Her plans as a teacher shall not become marred,
For her smile and her sweetness will win every one
Of the boys and the girls who near her shall come.
She is also an orator most gifted in speech,
And this silvery voice will assist her to teach.

HUGO FIFIELD

Hugo is handsome, athletic and strong,
A favorite of all, though he's not been here long.
He made himself famous at Crown Point in May,
He won the gold medal on the county field day.
As Erasmus he regained the favor he lost
When in the debate he deserted his post.

MATILDA HARMS

Matilda, the East Gary girl, now you see,
Accustomed to riding to high school, is she.
A lawyer could never have shown greater skill,
Than did she, when she drew up the Senior Class Will.
Conscientious, faithful, and true to her work,
Unknown in mischief and unknown to shirk.



EDNA BORGER

Here's the class artist, most skillful in Art,
Her drawings will always go straight to the heart.
She is fond of a certain new popular song,
And she sings it at intervals all the day long.
She is always found happy and brimfull of fun;
Should you ask, Who likes Edna? Why, everyone.

FRED WEAVER

Did you hear that clear voice to a high tenor toned
When, as John Alden, his fate he bemoaned ?
How many Priscillas might welcome that voice
And prompt a proposal, if they had the choice !
Why, that was Fred Weaver, the pride of our clan,
He possesses the virtues that measure the man.

ALVINA KRAUSSE

Alvina has made herself famous in plays;
When there is work to be done she will brook no delays.
She's a girl of strength, both in hand and in mind,
She is faithful and steady and true. She is kind;
She is your friend and my friend, she is ever the same,---
A member Eleven is most proud to claim.

MARGUERITE SWANSON / *ISA BULLOCK*	*Editors-in-Chief*
CARL LENNERTZ	*Business Manager*
ALVINA KRAUSSE	*Science Editor*
PAUL BRUEBACH	*Athletic Editor*
ALICE LARSON	*Social Editor*
FRED WEAVER	*Literary Editor*
EDNA BORGER	*Art Editor*
ELMAIDA JOHNSTON	*Music Editor*
ELSA ROSE	*Personals Editor*

SALUTATORY.

LADIES and Gentlemen: The class of 1911 extends to you a most cordial welcome. We are pleased to see that such an enthusiastic audience has gathered here to greet us on this, our graduating night. Graduation. What does it mean? It means that we have successfully completed four years of High School training. With this course of work we are enabled to enter any school of higher education, without further examination, or, if we take up life's work we are equipped with these qualities and accomplishments which may be turned to account in the winning of success.

We rejoice to be able to stand here. Although many tasks have been placed before us, we have conquered. We have overcome all

difficulties. To-day we stand on the threshold ready to enter the new world. Again on looking back over our school life, our glad days dispel all our misgivings. Look at the reward, the opportunities, the possibilities. Great are the advantages that are afforded in this, our free country. Let us be thankful for the national policy and the community spirit that has afforded us this encouragement and provided these facilities.

The word commencement does not mean that we are finishing a certain work, but rather, it means that we are beginning a new work. The world we are entering will be different. It will be a change from our usual course. The time is now at hand when it is necessary for us to part; but the ties of friendship we have formed as a class we defy either time or circumstance to sever. Now our duties are individual, heretofore they were somewhat collective as a body, but we are prepared and let us face life boldly. Probably some of us will enter a higher school of training, others will take up life's work. Whatever the course, we pursue it as the duty of each of us to accomplish something which will be a credit to us and to our school. God demands that we do our best. So may each one "looking forward through the years, labor ever onward, unharmed by doubts and fears." And no matter what our work, may we thoughtfully hold steadfast to the ideal of King Arthur and his knights:

"Reverence the king, as if he were our conscience,
And our conscience as our king.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrong,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor our own word as if God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

Soon we will have passed over the threshhold which lies between our school life and our world life. But in all cases remember the motto which we as a class have adopted, "Wer fest auf seine Sinne beharrt der bildet die Welt sich." "He who holds firmly to his purpose fashions the world as he will."

Again friends let me, in the name of the class of 1911, welcome you to this, our commencement.

CARL LENNERTZ.

AURORA EDITORIAL STAFF


SENIOR
EDNA BORGER '11

OUR SENIOR YEAR.

Canto I.

Listen, class of Nineteen Eleven!
Hark, ye high and mighty Seniors!
Call to mind a day forgotten,
When the classes reassembled,
Gathered in the new school building,
For the selection of their studies,
For a greeting to our classmates,
For a meeting with our teachers.
Forth we came from out the village,
Forth we came with smiles of gladness,
Glad the time had come for study;
Tired of the long hot summer,
Wearied by our long vacation;
Longing for our books and pencils,
For our short and much chewed pencils,
For the lawn we must not walk on,
For the lawn with corners barren,
Corners where the children running,
Lest for school they should be tardy,
Trampled in their desperate hurry.

What surprise was waiting for us,
This first school day we were Seniors;
What a great and glad commotion
As the students thronged the campus!
How we gazed in wonder 'round us,
Wonder at the sight before us!
There, erected through the summer,
Stood a beautiful, new building,
And we made great haste to enter,
Haste to make an exploration.
Now we saw our task before us,
Now began our difficulty.
Up we climbed o'er piles of timber,
Waded through a box of mortar,
Then descended on a sand pile,—
Found ourselves a little closer,
And our courage grew much stronger,

And our faces grew much brighter.
On we went—and ever onward
Till at length we reached the entrance,
Reached the place we so much longed for;
Whereupon again we lingered,
Lingered there and gazed around us;
Saw the greatest of confusion,
Saw the men with tools most wondrous,
Saw them hastening through the building,
Saw them working at the stairway;
Saw them in the laboratory,
Where with fire and lead and wrenches
They were fitting pipes and soapstone,
Making laboratory tables.

Then we sought the new gymnasium,
Built for winter games and pastime.
There a vision rose before us,
Of a team victorious ever,
Of a winning basket ball team,
That should break all former records,
That should noted be in strange lands.
There confusion, sawing, pounding,
Men in laughter, men in anger,
Merry men, were toiling, singing,
Everywhere they held possession.
Back we started on our journey,
For there was no stairway leading,
From the lower to the upper,
From the upper to the lower,
And the way that we must travel,
Thus to reach the upper regions,
Was a long and winding pathway,
Over boxes, boards and barrels,
Over cinders, sand and gravel,
Over radiators, boxes,
Over all things to be thought of.
So that when the room for Seniors
Once was reached, we, tired and weary,
Vowed to stay there constant ever
To our toils, and tasks, and duties
'Till our school should be completed.

Oh, the weary days that followed,
Days of noise and great disturbance.
Never shall the class forget them.
When we made a recitation,
It was made in tiny sections
For the hammering and the shouting
Constantly would interrupt us.
One would start upon a sentence,

With his voice in moderation,—
Louder then, would grow the pounding
Louder would grow his tone in volume.
Then a man's voice from the air shaft,
From the air shaft they were building,
Would come forth in tones of laughter
And they multiplied the hubbub.
Still we pressed our recitation,
Now we smiled and now impatient
At the noise so long continued.
When at last in desperation
We had trained our mighty voices,
'Till they overcame confusion.

Summer fled, and autumn's breezes,
Though most balmy in the woodlands,
And most pleasant on the roadways,
Chilled us in our damp new building,
White walled, damp, unheated school rooms.
Forth we went with wraps, to classes,
Shivered, shook and wrapped up closer,
And when called upon, recited
With our teeth forever chattering,
And our voices very muffled.
Now the noise became less frequent,
And the chill less penetrating,
And the students, hopeful, happy,
Laughed, rejoicing in the quiet,
In the peace that now reigned o'er us.

Canto II.

Harken, Class of Nineteen Eleven!
List, ye Seniors, high and mighty!
Let us sing events more recent,
Days of sunshine, days of pleasure,
Days of triumph and rejoicing,
For our tasks are well-nigh finished.
Many days we've worked together,
Many moons have shown upon us
Since the building was completed.
Now we have our recitations
Undisturbed and peaceful ever;
Quiet reigns within the library
Where we write these rhymeless poems,
Where we edit our "Aurora."

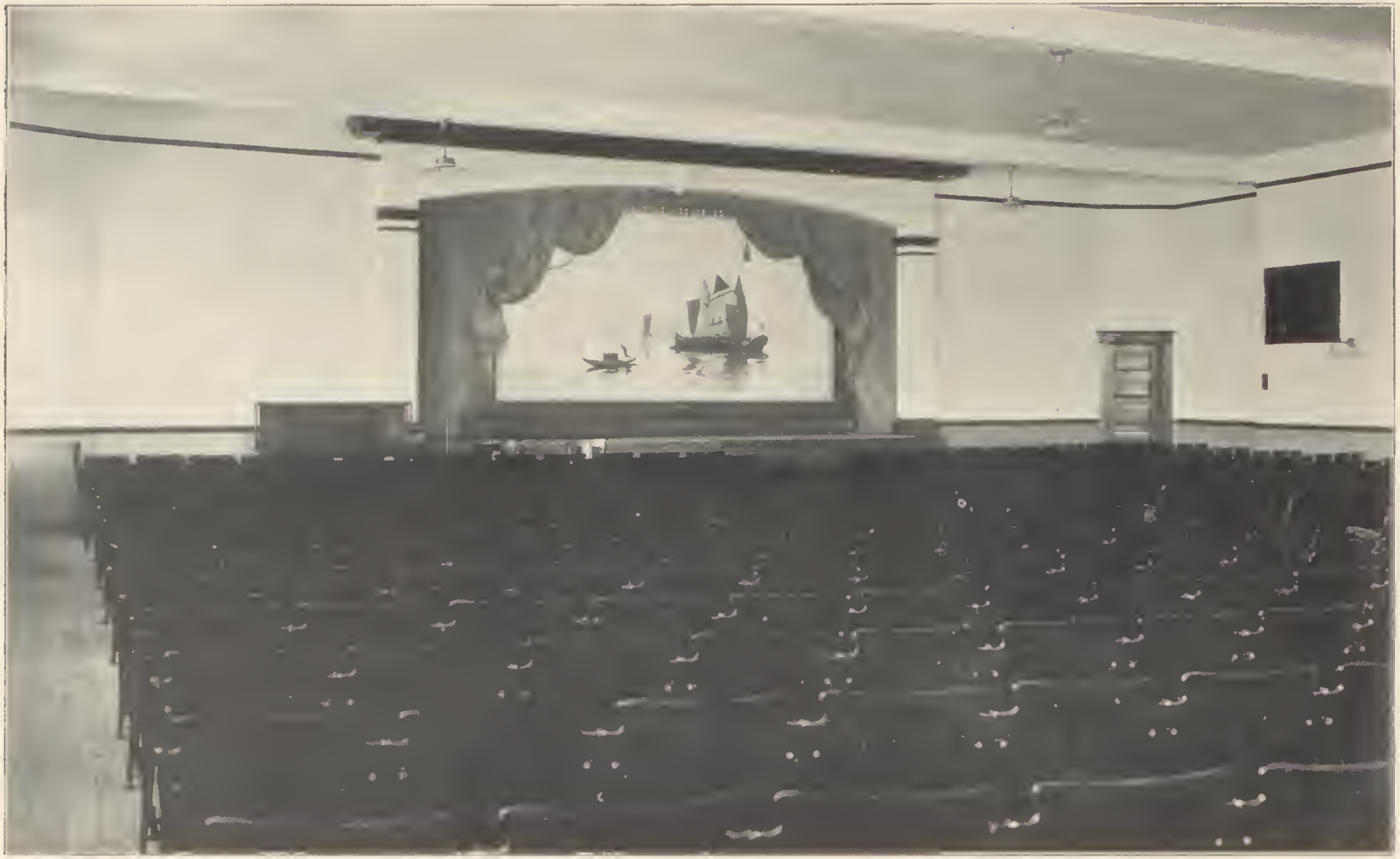
Our auditorium inviting,
Spacious, beckoning to music,
Helps us lift our tuneful voices,
Singing songs unto the "Forest";
Singing songs of Captain Standish
And the Puritan Priscilla,
Opera that shall be famous
For it shall be long remembered.
On the stage erected for us
Orators have rolled their thunder;
Scene of comedy half tragic
Both in winter and in springtime.

Empty now is our gymnasium,
But its days are not forgotten;
We have had our basket ball games,
Had our team victorious ever,
Had our girls' team and our boys' team,
Who have noted been in strange lands.
Soon we'll leave the laboratory,
Whence the odors floating upward
Greet the Juniors, Sophs, and Freshmen;
Leave the class rooms, leave the campus,
Leave the cool, sweet, bubbling fountains
Where we pause between the classes;
Leave the echoing auditorium,
Leave this wealth to our successors.
Now our year is nearly ended,
Now our happy days are passing,
Days of triumph, days of rapture,
Are becoming few and fewer.
This last year of high school study
In our newly finished building
Has been joyous beyond measure.

Many years we've worked together,
Every year still more progressing,
Under guidance of our teachers.
Much we thank them for their labor,
For their part in our advancement;
More than all, our superintendent,
Who has ever been our leader,
Who has faithful been and steadfast;
Ever just in choosing for us,
Settling things beyond our judgment,
For his part in all our school life
Gratitude, sincere and lasting,
Now the Class of Nineteen Eleven
Extend to our friend and teacher.

Forth departing on our journey,
On our journey never ending,
We shall soon be fairly started
On the world's great shining pathway.
Hand in hand, in peace we've traveled.
Now our tasks must be divided,
But though miles are placed between us,
And though far in life we wander,
We shall ne'er forget each other
We shall love the memory ever
Of the days we spent together.

ISA BULLOCK.



AUDITORIUM

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE has ever been the spice of high school life; the oasis in the desert; and we, the weary desert travelers, were ever glad when the English period arrived.

When we entered the high school in 1907, and began our study of literature in an entirely different way than that to which we had been accustomed, Miss Quinnell was the leader. Patiently she toiled with us, and eagerly we aspired for a better understanding of the classics. Miss Quinnell had been our teacher the year previous and we felt perfectly free to express our opinions in her classes. How many mistakes she overlooked! How many desires to laugh at our interpretations she must have smothered. Nevertheless, we progressed steadily, if slowly, and each day gained more courage; we soon began to produce classics (?) ourselves.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" was carefully studied first. New beauties began to arise from this poem—beauties we never imagined existed when we read it formerly. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," afforded deep thought, and some amusement. The class seemed to favor two of the stanzas very decidedly. We were then introduced to Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice." This was very pleasing especially as it was in the spring and our hearts were in tune with the play. We then read "Ivanhoe," "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers," and the "Princess." Several of the girls had serious intentions of trying the idea of such a colony as the "Princess" ruled. This, however, did not result seriously.

When we began our Sophomore year, we felt more confident of success than at the beginning of the preceding year. Under Miss Quinnell's guidance we once more were launched upon the literary field.

We began the study of "Milton's Minor Poems," with great anticipation. Through all of our school days, we had heard of Milton and had always considered his works far beyond our comprehension. When we discovered that we had acquired the ability to interpret and comprehend the deep thought expressed in his works, we felt that we had indeed gained a great step.

During this year, we also began debating. Our debates were rather crude and unparliamentary, but having won the debate we felt the same pride that the statesman feels when he has accomplished the purpose of his plea before congress.

Besides our written work we read, Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Eliot's "Silas Marner," and several essays. This year marked the end of our written work. We left rhetoric for the coming Sophomores to struggle with, and began our Junior year, with the study of our own poets and authors.

With Mr. Thompson as our teacher we progressed rapidly in "Bronson's American Literature." Twice a week we studied classics in addition to the history of Literature. We read "Henry VIII," Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and Hawthorne's, "House of Seven Gables."

Our annual orations were written in the spring. We realize that we are not destined to be orators, though one member of the class has shown great ability in that line of work. Carl Lennertz has represented us for two successive years at Hammond and we are certainly very proud of his work.

This year of our school life we have studied under the direction of Mr. Thompson. Our work has been seasoned by reading short selections from each of the English authors as we have studied them. Mr. Thompson has also read selections to us that he had noticed outside of our prose and poetry books. This has added a great deal to the interest of the class and we all are very grateful to Mr. Thompson for giving us this opportunity to get acquainted with the authors and poets.

Our work is nearly completed now and although we are really anxious to go out into the world and learn what is in store for us, we feel a pang of sorrow when we remember that we are leaving high school life with all its joys, forever. Our school life has been very pleasant and we cannot thank our teachers, for their part in it, too often nor too sincerely. We shall never forget any of our classes and the pleasure we derived from them, but more than all others will our four years of "literature," stand out as a pleasant memory.

FRED WEAVER.

So Tired.

FROM the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who has but a night's lodging for his pains.

SCIENCE.

ON ENTERING High School we, as are most Freshmen, were rather green and undecided as to what subjects to take. Our first science, Botany, was required. I presume the object in this is to place the Freshmen in their proper environment,—among the "green things of nature."

We took it up with various feelings of awe, dread and curiosity, but under the kind instructions of our Botany teacher, Miss Quinnell, we soon became very enthusiastic over the subject and kept the class well supplied with specimens. The boys often ate the specimens. Skunk cabbage was their chief delight, but they reached the climax on Indian turnip.

As all great people leave "foot-prints on the sands of time," ours can be found in the old cabinet, in the form of plates of pressed flowers. But on the whole we gained a useful knowledge of our first science, and at the end of the year we were proud to be called "green" for Botany had taught us that all green things are growing.

Science was laid aside during our Sophomore year and during the Junior year only one of our number stepped from the bounds to take Physics. But he has not returned to tell the story. The rest of us stood in awe of the appliances of the Physics Class and waited until the time should come when we could burn H2O.

In the fall of 1910, we returned as Seniors, and when the roll of the Physics Class was called seven of our number responded. The rest of the high and mighty class, ten in all, and all girls, were found standing at the portals of Chemistry. Of all classes this certainly was **THE CLASS** (private opinion publicly expressed). We labored patiently over the different elements, molecules, atoms and laws and when our laboratory was completed we took up that work readily.

As a class that has been first in everything during our high school career, we have added another distinction to our list, that of being the first class to have the advantages of the new up-to-date, sanitary laboratory. We are proud of these improvements and thank the school officials who have made this possible, for few schools of this size can boast of so fine an equipment.

Each Chemistry student deposited fifty cents, and then was supplied with a key to a locker in which is kept the apparatus. As yet we have no broken articles against our account so we expect to receive our money back (with interest). Our Chemistry teacher, Mr. Zaugg, we thank for his patience with us through all our faults and failings.

Our sincere hope is that all future science classes will have the advantage we have had and that this advantage may be improved and that they may have the pleasure of looking back to a year as profitably spent as has been the year 1910-11 to the students of the H. T. H. S.

ALVINA KRAUSSE.

LABORATORY

OUR UNIVERSITY.

THE mediaeval Latin term universitas was originally employed to denote any community or corporation regarded under its collective aspect. In the course of time, probably during the latter part of the fourteenth century, the term began to be used by itself with the exclusive meaning of a community of teachers and scholars whose corporate existence had been recognized and sanctioned by civil or ecclesiastical authority or by both. But we are now able to see the great advancement of the universities; first, by the introduction of new subjects of study, second by the adoption of new methods of instruction, and third, the growing tendency toward organization which accompanied the development and consolidation of the European nationalities.

In the United States education has received great extension, without however exercising in Europe that reflex influence discernible in so many relations.

We find there are four classes of colleges; first, those which proceed from the original historic colleges; second, those established in the name of the state; third, those avowed by ecclesiastical societies and fourth, those founded by private benefactions. Among these four different kinds of institutions of learning every high school graduate should choose a course to pursue.

We shall now glance at Indiana University, which is situated at Bloomington, Indiana, the county seat of Monroe County. The first site of the University adjoined the city on the south and lay in Perry township, the township granted by Congress in 1816 for Seminary purposes. But in 1833 a great fire destroyed the buildings and this was a turning

point in the history of the institution. It was then decided to remove the University to a more ample site, away from the noise and disturbance of the railroad which joined it on the west. They then purchased a tract known as Dunn's woods, east of the city, facing what is now Indiana Avenue on the west and Third street on the south.

Including later purchases, the University grounds now have an extent of about seventy acres of both rolling and level nature. It consists of a general athletic field, hockey grounds, tennis courts and the most beautiful and picturesque natural campus in the world.

Adding to the beauty of this Campus we have the high stone structures placed about in a horse-shoe formation. The Library Building, which was completed in 1908 occupies the site at the main entrance of the campus; then we have the Student Building, the home of student activities, then comes Maxwell Hall which is occupied by the administrative offices and School of Law, Owens Hall is next, then Wylie Hall which is used by the departments of Chemistry, Mathematics and Pathology. Kirkwood Hall is the next building to the south, then Science Hall, completed in 1902, and west of Science Hall we have the Biological Building, completed in the year 1910. Besides these buildings we have Kirkwood Observatory, Mitchell Hall, the Men's Gymnasium and east of this the power house.

Though this is a brief description of the beauty and grandeur of Indiana University it ought to encourage every high school graduate to push forward and complete his education. Every mother and father ought to urge their boys and girls to become a college graduate, for they would then be better able to go out into the world and solve the worldly problems. Let us seek to make education in this land of ours stand out as a beacon light to all peoples and nations. Think of college life not as merely a drudgery but as work and pleasure combined and think of the noble accomplishments of the men preceding us and let us seek to do as well.

Upon these grounds let us urge all Hobart Township High School graduates to continue their education in some university and they can rest assured that in after life the sweetest music to their ears will be the old college song of their Alma Mater, and they will be thrilled with the same spirit that fills every student of Indiana with raptnre when he hears,—

Gloriana, Frangipana,
E'er to her be true;
She's the pride of Indiana,
Hail to old I. U.

FLOYD D. SAXTON,
H. T. H. S. '05,
Indiana University '11.

Greencastle, Indiana, April 29, 1911.

Dear Class of 1911 and Friends:

It gives me great pleasure to learn that this year's class is going to keep up the custom of issuing a high school annual. The three preceding volumes were very successful, and I am sure that this year's "Aurora" will be a great success. Although our classmates are scattered and many changes and improvements have been made in the high school since the class of '07 has gone out, we are still very much interested in all that concerns H. T. H. S.

I want to tell all of you that may ever have a chance to go to college to be sure to take it. Besides the knowledge and culture that you will gain there, you will make many life-long friends, and there will be many happy times which you will be glad to remember years afterward. The gay, irresponsible college life is one that can be found nowhere else. Of course, I think De Pauw is the best school there is, but every college has its own customs and traditions which its students hold dear. One of the biggest days of the year for the girls here is the May Day celebration which is to take place in a few weeks. All the girls in school take part in it, some wind the May Pole, others take part in the drills and folk dances, and in the evening the girls give a play on the campus. The other great event of the college year is Old Gold Day, which is given over to athletics, contests, including the class scrap, with a big celebration in the evening. Then there are the parties and "stunts" of various kinds which are continually taking place to relieve the pressure of work. All in all, college is a pretty good place to be.

ETHEL FRANK. '07.

Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, April 25, 1911.

Class of 1911 and Friends:

One Easterner says of New Mexico, "More creeks and less water, more cows and less butter, see farther and see less, than in any other place in the world."

Ft. Sumner is named in honor of the old "Ft. Sumner" situated here years ago for protection against the Indians and has the advantage of many other towns in the west in that the valley can be and is irrigated.

Even though we enjoy forming new acquaintances and having new experiences away from home we always find pleasure in the reminiscences of old friends and associates of the Hobart Township High School.

LEA SCHOLLER, Class '07.

THE STAGE

MORRIS.

THERE was the apple," Miss Benton was saying.

"Such a nice big one," she was interrupted.

"But Morris, don't you know that I would not have enjoyed the apple, had I known it was stolen?"

No answer.

"And the eraser."

"So soft and pretty," Morris once more took up a defence.

"But it was very, very wrong and today it was Michael's knife."

Miss Benton pitied Morris, pitied him more each time temptation conquered him. She knew of the life struggles that had been his. He was a bright active boy, but a brilliant career was blighted by one dominating characteristic of his nature. He would continually take things that were not his. A child born to poverty, clad poorly, with no home influence, what chance was there for him in the big busy world? Miss Benton looked at him earnestly for a moment. How pitifully small he was, in a mercilessly large world!

"Don't you know, Morris, how badly I feel when you do wrong? Don't you know that the criminals all started by doing small wrongs? I have tried you many times, and each time you have failed. Now I shall have to punish you. Hereafter, do not come to walk home with me."

Closely she watched his face as the full import of her words was comprehended. Daily he met her at the school house and walked home with her, confiding all his childish joys and sorrows. To the boy who had never received kindness at any other hands, this privilege meant much.

He lifted his sorrowful little face slowly.

"Can't I ever come again?" he murmured. Immediately Miss Benton was repentant, feeling that perhaps she was unjust.

"Morris," she said, "I will try you once more. If, after four weeks you can tell me truthfully that you have not stolen anything, I will release you from punishment. Until then, I will walk alone. Do not ask to accompany me. Now you may go."

Wretchedly, the little fellow moved toward the door.

"Good night, dear."

The impulse to call him back was almost irresistible. But no! She would not undo her work! She was determined to win.

And then the struggle began. How often temptation was resisted during the following weeks! It was a hard battle and Morris fought it like a little soldier. Miss Benton watched him closely during

those days. Each day still resolute in her purpose, she turned from the pleading eyes. Three weeks passed—long, hard weeks, never to be forgotten and now the battle was nearly over.

Morris, walking to school on the first morning of the last week, was supremely happy. "Next Friday, next Friday," his heart was singing, and his footsteps were lighter. And then came the fall. Irresistible temptation took the form of an Angora kitten. For a moment Morris fought desperately and then gathering the cat in his arms he ran home, imprisoned it, and retraced his steps toward school. His heart no longer sang, and his steps were slower. Miss Benton noticed a change, but did not suspect the truth.

Tuesday—Wednesday—Thursday passed and his secret was still hidden. Thursday night was a sleepless one for Morris. He was glad to awaken from his dreams of kittens, punishments and criminals, when he did sleep. However, he decided what course to follow.

He arose at the first dawn of day, dressed quickly, and gathering the precious tempter into his arms, he slipped noiselessly out. Quickly he ran along the quiet street, only stopping when he reached the home of the owner of the kitten. A window was partly raised, and thrusting the kitten hastily through the opening, he sped homeward.

Now the way was clear. Miss Benton would never know about the kitten and he would walk home with her that evening—and—and—a thousand pleasures were pictured in that.

When he reached school that morning Miss Benton greeted him with a cheery, "Good morning." Then something in the wistful little face caused her to gather him in her arms, caressing him tenderly.

It was that which shattered all of Morris' plans. He went to his seat—dazed. He was fighting another battle—the hardest one of all. How could he deceive her when she had been so tender and sweet? All the morning Morris sat with his face buried in his arms. Thus he fought and when recess came, he marched up to the desk as the bravest of heroes marches into battle.

"Teacher, I did steal, I took it back, and I wasn't ever going to tell you, only this morning you—you—"

Encouraging him in her sweet winning way, gradually Miss Benton learned the whole story.

"I am very sorry," was all she said.

Sorrowfully Morris returned to his seat where he remained in utter dejection for the rest of the day.

Miss Benton conducted her classes as usual, apparently indifferent to the utter misery she had inflicted upon Morris. The long afternoon gradually came to a close and the last weary hour ticked itself away. The bell rang for dismissal, and Morris, raising his sorrowful little face

prepared to leave. Persistently he studied his cap, not daring to meet Miss Benton's eyes.

Suddenly—"Morris," He heard the dear voice say, "you may come to walk home with me at four." It seemed like a sweet dream—Morris could not believe that he heard correctly, but meeting the smiling eyes of Miss Benton he was assured.

"But teacher, I," he began.

"I said you may come for me at four," she repeated. Then turning quickly to the class, "First row, stand."

ISA BULLOCK.

THE CORRIDOR, LOOKING INTO THE LIBRARY

The Hobart High School Track Team led by the versatile, consistent Fifield, swept down the field at the Eleventh Annual Field and Track Meet of the Lake County High School Association last Saturday and placed itself triumphantly in second place, being led only by the strong Whiting High School Team. It was an ideal day for an Athletic Meet and every event was hard fought. The sun beating upon the seventy-five competing athletes caused every ounce of power to be brought out in an effort to break the record.

In Fifield, Hobart had the best athlete in the field and he sprang a surprise by winning the gold medal. He won first place in high jump, 120 yard hurdles, 220 yard hurdles, and secured a tie for second place in the pole vault, giving him 16 1-3 points. Since he had never been in an Athletic Meet before he was a dark horse and nobody had thought of his winning the gold medal. The county record was tied in the 120 yard hurdles by Fifield, time being 17 2-5 seconds, the same as that made by Belman of Hammond in 1906. Krausse, a Hobart Freshman, won third place in the high hurdles. Fifield won his events with a natural ease and did not exert himself to the limit.

The hardest fought event of the meet was the 440 yard dash. Bruebach of Hobart had not run this race in better time than sixty seconds this season. At the crack of the pistol the other runners started away with a sprint but Bruebach did not hurry himself in the least until he had reached the 220 yd. mark. At this time he was running next to the last. But with the speed of a ten second man he passed six runners and pulled himself into second place fifty yards from

the finish. Greenwald of Whiting was leading by three yards and at the finish there was but one foot to decide who was the winner. If there had been ten more yards to run Bruebach would have passed the Whiting runner whose time was 56 3-5 seconds. Bruebach also won third place in the 220 yard dash.

The high jump was also won by Fifield who jumped 5 ft. 4 in. Fleck of Hobart created a surprise by taking first place in the broad jump with a leap of 18 ft.

Hobart got an unusually late start this season and would have been satisfied with one or two firsts.

The total points won by the different schools are given below:

Whiting	38
Hobart	29 1-3
Hammond	21 2-3
East Chicago	9
Gary	7
Crown Point	3
Lowell	0

THE TRACK TEAM

DUAL ATHLETIC MEET

Whiting vs. Hobart

June 3, 1911

EVENTS	CONTESTANTS	DISTANCE, TIME, ETC.
Shot Put	1. Bartuska, W. 2. Vater, W. 3. Greenwald, W.	Distance, 38 feet
440-Yard Dash	1. Bruebach, H. 2. Greenwald, W. 3. Bartuska, W.	Time, 56:00
Pole Vault	1. Fifield, H. 2. Smith, W. 3. Fleck, H. 3. Tabbert, H.	Height, 9 ft. 10 in.
Mile Run	1. Benson, W. 2. Tabbert, H. 3. Lennertz, H.	Time 5.23:2-5
Running Broad Jump	1. Fleck, H. 2. Fifield, H. 2. Bartuska, W.	Distance, 18 ft. 1 in.
100-Yard Dash	1. Bartuska, W. 2. Bruebach, H. 3. Greenwald, W.	Time, 11:00
880-Yard Dash	1. Benson, W. 2. Tabbert, H. 3. Vater, W.	Time, 2:18:00
Running High Jump	1. Fifield, H. 2. Smith, W. 3. Fleck, H.	Height, 5 ft. 2 in.
High Hurdles	1. Fifield, H. 2. Smith, W. 3. Krausse, H.	Time, 17:02
220-Yard Dash	1. Bruebach, H. 2. Bartuska, W. 3. Fifield, H.	Time, 23:04
Discus Hurl	1. Vater, W. 2. Trager, H. 3. Bartuska, W.	Distance, 101 feet
220-Yard Low Hurdle	1. Fifield, H. 2. Smith, W. 3. Krausse, H.	Time, 27:04

SCORE—HOBAR T 55, WHITING 53.

GYMNASIUM

BASKET BALL

Because of our fine gymnasium we had two good basket ball teams and showed a great improvement in the work. The captain of the boys' team was Harold Tabbert; the captain of the girls' team was Alvina Krausse. Games were played on home grounds, and also out of town, as follows:

BOYS

WON		LOST	PLACE	SCORE	DATE
Hobart	vs.	Joliet	Hobart	54–14	Jan. 14, 1911
Valpo	vs.	Hobart	Valpo	53–11	Jan. 28, 1911
Gary	vs.	Hobart	Hobart	33–31	Feb. 10, 1911
Whiting	vs.	Hobart	Whiting	47–27	Feb. 17, 1911
Hobart	vs.	Hebron	Hobart	49–18	March 4, 1911
Whiting	vs.	Hobart	Hobart	23–19	March 10, 1911
Hebron	vs.	Hobart	Hebron	29–27	March 25, 1911

GIRLS

WON		LOST	PLACE	SCORE	DATE
Hobart	vs.	Gary	Hobart	42–17	Feb. 10, 1911
Gary	vs.	Hobart	Gary	19–18	Feb. 24, 1911
Hobart	vs.	Alumni	Hobart	26–19	March 10, 1911
Hobart	vs.	Hebron	Hebron	14–8	March 25, 1911

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

BASKET BALL TEAM

A MARATHON RACE.

WITH a deep sigh, John Long resigned his place at the window and lowered his tall frame into a rocker which stood a few feet away. The room was plainly furnished and harmonized with Long, whose suit of blue was a trifle shiny at the elbows. His broad shoulders and well built legs, whose muscles tapered at the knees, indicated a runner. Indeed, John Long was a Marathon runner and his skill was to be tested once more before evening.

It was nine o'clock in the morning of a warm day in May. As Long sat there he began mentally to figure the coming events. Many days of training had brought him great endurance and this race was to be the best. Outside, multitudes of people were hurrying to and fro, all eager for the great event. He had not yet met his opponent whose challenge he carried in his pocket. Would he endure the task of running more than twenty-five miles? As he sat there thinking, the time flew quickly by.

At last the hour for action had arrived and Long hurried to the track. As he passed through the side gate of the grounds leading to the dressing room, people made way for him and a great cheer arose. Indifferent to this welcome he fitted himself with proper equipments.

A wild applause greeted his entrance on the track, which he acknowledged with a nod of his head and strode on. But where was the man he was going to run against in the race—the man who had dared more than all others in challenging? Then he saw a form running lightly on the track. Another cheer; that was for his opponent whose body showed the best of training. Long looked at him with admiration. The announcer raised his megaphone. Unbroken silence reigned as he introduced "John Long, the Champion Marathon Runner of the world and Tom Martin of New York." The race was a contest for the title, for Long to retain it or Martin to win it. The scorers took their places with scoring boards facing the grand stand; both men stepped up to the starting point. All was ready and as the starter's pistol cracked Long was away, but Martin jumped into the lead with a terrific pace, forgetful of the long race he was to run. Long swung in behind and running steadily covered the ground but a half a lap behind Martin. The former was running on experience while the latter tested his wonderful supply of energy to keep up the grind.

As Long swept by the grandstand on his seventh lap a voice was raised calling, "Get a move on, Long, you won't win that way." Martin

was nearly a lap ahead of him now; the pace was a fearful one. The announcer called: "Seven miles in thirty-eight minutes." Long glanced across the track, he wanted to sprint ahead,—the steady clicking of Martin's feet worried him, but still he resisted. The twelfth mile was just passed. He could not risk the sprint yet.

"Fifteen miles," called the announcer. Long's trainer ran up and dashed water into his face. Martin was now over a lap ahead of him. He walked for a moment and then once more swung into motion quicking his speed until he was a half a lap nearer to Martin. A cheer arose from the grandstand.

Slowly Martin's footsteps sounded nearer and nearer; then with a sudden sprint, Long passed him. The loud applause angered Martin and he darted off, like a frightened deer, ahead of Long. This was just what Long wanted and as the seventeenth and eighteenth miles were passed the runners still held the same position. Martin looked worried,—twice he slackened his speed and drank water while Long gained yards.

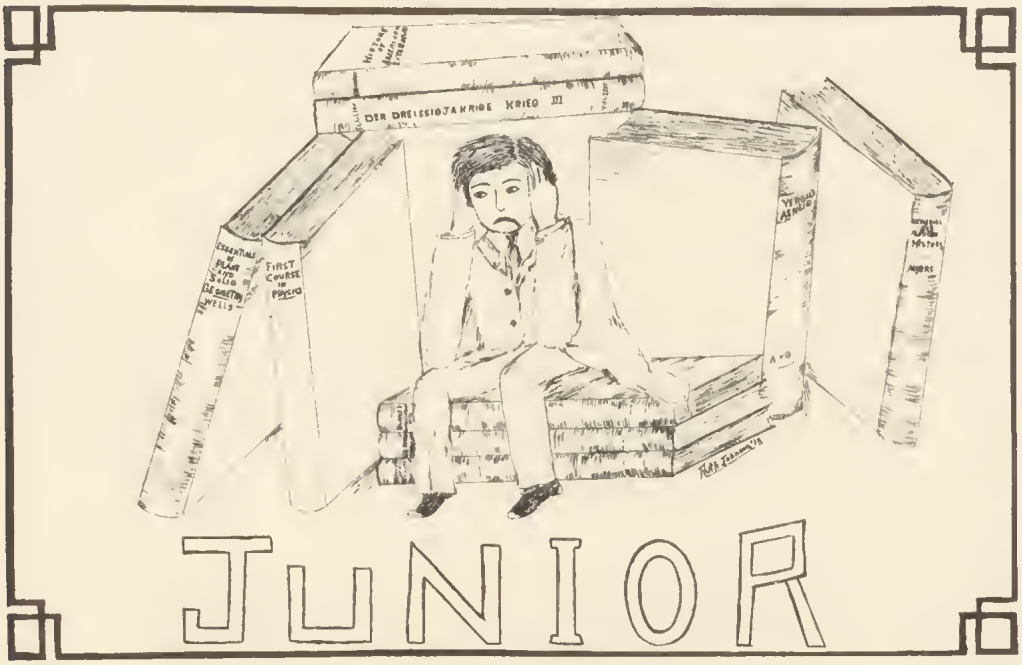
The scoring board showed the twentieth mile. Long's eyes blurred and he moistened them again and again. Now it was a blurred space of black that his blistered feet ran on, now the track was a funny zig-zag path and twice he wiped his eyes to wipe away the black covering. The faces on the grandstand faded away and all he could see was the red object ahead which he knew to be his opponent. He tried to pass it, it dodged here and there, he could not tell where, a shower of water drenched him and he heard clearly, "twenty-five miles."

Again the track blurred. Only the red object before him seemed steady. He was conscious of a great desire to reach this, come up with it, go around it.

The veins on his forehead seemed to burst. The strain was terrible. Instinctively he felt he was gaining on the red object. He was! It came closer and closer—he pushed away from it and around it, now the track was clear before him and he ran wildly with outstretched arms for a moment and then all grew black. He was falling—falling—.

Slowly he regained consciousness. His first thought was of the race—the results—had he won? He heard a yell and waited for the name. It was "Long! Long!" It was his name, he had won the race! He was still the world champion.

PAUL BRUEBACH,



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

A la Chaucer.

ME thinketh it accordant to resown,
To tell you all the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree.

Edith Chase.

For hardily, she was not undergrowe,
And as an aungel hevenly she songe.

William Fleck.

The fairness of that lady that I see,
Is cause of al my crying and my wo.
So hote I love, that by nightertale,
I sleep na more than does a nightingale.

Arthur Johnson.

And of his port as meek as is a mayde,
He never yet no vileiny ne sayde.

Ruth Johnson.

And all was conscience and tender herte;
And gladly would she lerne and gladly teche.

Leon Killigrew.

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
And quick he was, and chirped as a sparwe.
Nowhere so busy a man as he ther was,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.

Ella Londenberg.

In felloweschipe wel coude she laughe and carpe,
To liven in delyt was evere hir wone.

Cecile Martin.

Curteys she was, discret, and debonaire,
And compaignable and bar herself so faire.

Clara Mayhak.

She was as fresh as is the month of May,
And ful plesant and amible of port.

Katherine Ramenstein.

She was so charitable and si pitious
She woulde wepe if that she saw a mous.

Roy Ramenstein.

With us ther was a Doctor of Phisyk
In all this world ne was ther noon him lyke
An wolde he spike no word but Latyn.

Leonore Scholler.

That of her smyling was ful simple and coy.
Well could she singe and pleyen on a rote.

Bliss Shearer.

And on her heed a hat,
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe,
But she was wondrous fair I understand.

Henry Sholl.

For Sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
A better fellowe shold men noght fynde.

Bennie Smith.

He loved chivalrye, truth and honor, freedom and curtersye.
He was a verray parfit gentil Knight.

Harold Tabbert.

Of his complextioun he was sangwn,
He was not pale as a for-pyned goost,
But on his lady yet caste he his ye.

Lawrance Traeger.

A large man he was with hevy stepe,
He was a lorde, ful fat and in goode point,
And certainly he hadde a merry note.

Mabel Traeger.

Benign she was, and wonder diligent,
And Deutsche she spak ful faire and fettishly.

Minnie Traeger.

Not a word spak she more than was nede.
She was a worthy woman al her lyf.

Hazel Strom.

Hir nose tretys; her eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal and there-to soft and reed,
But sikerly she hadde a fair fore-hed.

Doris White.

Discreet she was and of great reverence,
Of studie took she most care and most hede,
And rich she was of holsom thought and dede.

Hazel Halsted.

Her longe heer was hembd bihynde her bak,
As any ravenes fether it shoon for-block.

I prey you to forgeve it me
Al have I not set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde,
My wit is short, ye may wel understainde.

CLARA MAYHAK.

"MRS. BRIGGS OF THE POULTRY YARD," March 23, 1911.

THAT '13 BOTANY EXCURSION.

WE, the thirteen '13's, decided we were going for a Botany Excursion on the last Friday in April. Also we decided on Garden City as the place for our good time, and the Nickle Plate tracks as the best way to get there. So, between nine and ten that morning, the whole Freshman class ran down the High School steps, swinging our tin pails and headed for Garden City.

The railroad embankments were covered with violets and shooting-stars, daisies and forget-me-nots. These common flowers were despised by the most ardent botanists because they preferred to wait until they had reached the real specimens, specimens that we were to analyze and trace in our next lessons.

About half way to Garden City a spring bubbles up into a sunken half-barrel. We were all thirsty from our walk in the sun, and were glad to find two of the boys had collapsible metal cups. After resting a few minutes, we started on our way again.

When we reached Garden City, we chose a spot between two hills with thick, soft grass and trees to lean against as we ate. Just then Lulu learned why Fred had been so attentive on the way down. He

had helped her over the fences and carried her pail all the way there. "Say, Lefty, may I eat with you?" Of course Lulu was willing and Fred certainly lightened her pail considerably.

After lunch we started the real botanizing. The whole class industriously picked flowers for two hours. Edith and Bertha had the largest bunch of violets and Gladys had the most daisies. Olive and Ruth found a lot of rare weeds we had never heard of before; though we analyzed them in class we soon forgot their names. Lightner waded into the creek about two feet deep for a dozen handfuls of duckweed, and some cut-leaved buttercups. He got some wild ginger also.

Miss Quinnell had given us emphatic orders that on no account must we return to the school house later than three o'clock, so we started back in plenty of time. The road home was about six times as long as on the way out. It was a tired but happy bunch of Freshmen that came back to Hobart that afternoon. We had enough botany specimens to last a month.

At the school house we learned why Miss Quinnell had been so particular about our getting back by three o'clock. She took us down to Henderson's and treated us to a strawberry ice-cream. This was a happy climax in our royal good time, and we planned another picnic for our Sophomore year. For further particulars see "That '13 Fishing Trip."

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy."

THE class of 1911 never could be accused of being dull, and probably this was due to their faithfulness in carrying out the meaning contained in this well known proverb. So faithful were the members of the class to this principle that we are afraid that perhaps sometimes there was an overabundance of play. However we were always ready for work, when there was work to be done, attacking it with a zeal and earnestness that made us a strong class.

After entering the high school in 1907, for some time we were rather "slow." We felt lonesome and diminutive, so we hurried homeward at dismissal lest, in wandering from the path of duty, we perchance might meet with some dignified Senior or frowning pedagogue. Alas for the terrors of Freshmanhood!

It took the snow to restore our courage. For some time we hesitated in fear and trembling until, one by one becoming bolder, we decided to break the fetters by which we were bound, declare ourselves independent—and have a bob party!!!

Thus one evening we were to be seen donning our warmest garments and creeping forth into the moonlight. After having left the lights of the village, jollity reigned and our courage was so greatly restored that some of the boys actually dared to show their faces in Wheeler undisguised, where they purchased some "brick bats" much to the delight of the crowd.

But ah, the remorse that followed! How we dreaded meeting the faculty the next morning! However a happy surprise was in store for us. Upon entering the building we were all filled with surprise and wonder at the docility of the much feared ones. The Seniors smiled, condescendingly; the Juniors, reproachfully; the Sophomores, sweetly, and the faculty, understandingly. Thus we were launched upon the social world.

On February 14th a feeling of anticipation reigned throughout the High School. The girls dreamed throughout the afternoon, and the boys had a far-away look in their eyes. When the bell rang for dismissal, what a happy hubbub followed! How we all hurried home, for we must be ready for the Valentine party the faculty were giving that evening. Several hearts were lost in the hall, but all have since been recovered and repaired. Though the palpitation was troublesome they are no longer easily disturbed.

The social events of the next year began with a party given in honor of Elmaida Johnston, who represented us in the local oratorical contest. She won second place and as this was the nearest our class had ever come to first, we were proud of her success.

Our work during this year was rather heavy, so, after trying repeatedly to add to our social list, we gave it up, and for the rest of the term devoted our time entirely to our studies.

And then came our Junior year. All of our social spirit, "sleeping but never dead," rose up. Those days were one continual round of pleasure—days never to be forgotten. Once more we were favored with snow, and once more the moon saw a happy crowd leave town, singing and talking merrily.

The next event was the oratorical contest. We were represented by Carl Lennertz and—oh, most triumphant day, he won first place! We were filled with an overwhelming enthusiasm and in order to show our appreciation we gave him a party. Our parties were always famous owing to the wit of "Caesar" and "Bridget." "I've got a bright idea," was always the favorite game, as it afforded such a splendid opportunity for complimenting each other.

Following this was our "marshmallow roast." Rumor said that we were to meet at Bale's Island and celebrate. But somehow, we found ourselves at Gruel's, giving Emma a surprise party. The Seniors nodded envyingly at each other with the remark, "bum joke," but we knew the trick had been successful and that our intentions had been completely concealed.

In all High School life there is one event that is always looked forward to with great anticipation. Each class tries to outdo all the former classes in the Junior reception. Our reception, which was given at the home of Alice Larson on May 4, 1910, was a complete success. Everything for which we had planned more than satisfied our greatest desire. The rooms were decorated in the colors of the Senior class and their class flower, the sweet pea. The candles, with which the tables were lighted, were covered with lavender and cream shades, giving a most beautiful effect. At eleven, a five-course dinner was served. This was our greatest triumph in the art and was socially perfect. Each guest received a favor. These were read amidst much laughing and praise to their author.

In appreciation of our work, in endeavoring to make the reception a success, the Seniors treated us at Goldman's. We all enjoyed ourselves exceedingly and thank the Seniors very much.

Our Senior year has been very busy. We have had two parties. The first was given to Fred Weaver in honor of his birthday; the second to Carl Lennertz, who represented us once more at Hammond. We are very proud of Carl and feel that this is merely a small expression of our appreciation of his success. Our Senior year is nearly ended and with it our social events as a class. We are planning to make our last days the crowning success of our High School career and that this may be, we must neglect our social duties.

Although the events themselves are past, their memory still lingers and shall ever linger as a most happy remembrance. As a class we have always been united, ready for anything, sympathizing with each other in our sorrows and rejoicing in our victories. Thus, as we have been—a united class—we shall remain. Although our different paths may lead us far from each other, yet will we be united in memory.

ALICE LARSON.

MUSIC

Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

MUSIC is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only part of earth we take to heaven.—Landon.

Music may be taken as the symbol and expression which unites the practical and romantic features. The tangible part of music is practical, addressing itself to the eye, the ear, the hand, the voice. The ethereal takes us at once out of the realm of the senses and carries us into a tone world of surpassing beauty.

A single sound alone is but a noise. Yet each single sound can be fitted into a gamut, out of whose seven notes all music is constructed. Browning speaks in his "Abt Vogler" of the three sounds which create not a fourth sound, but a star! It is those starry effects of harmony or associated sounds which compose music.

Music is so wide a realm that it takes into its magic enclosure the gifted and also the undeveloped, the young but latent lover of song and sound, and the mature connoisseur and master of its science and art. The great palace of music opens wide doors to those who love and long for the divine in sound. Of all our art-loves, this is the most ethereal. It speaks indeed a mystic language and one of other spheres. But we comprehend it.

We cannot begin too early to provide that which shall evoke the divine and more subtle part of our natures. The finer qualities of the spirit need constant cultivation. We know not who is to be "the reed, through which all things blow into music."

Music begins where proportions are enriched, where facts turn into fancy, where learning has lost its way, where science has passed its material boundaries, on the borderland of art.

Art is the refinement of power, music is the refinement of art. It baffles our reason but appeals to our sympathy. It thwarts our intelligence but develops our emotions. It eludes our understanding but enriches our knowledge.

The songs of the earth are the same songs that "the morning stars sang together" in perfect harmony and rhythm "when the world was young," for music is the universal language.

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life." How often, after a long day of toil and study, have we gone weary, worn and discouraged to music class. How brief were those forty minutes! And how our hopes arose and our nobler impulses and higher emotions were aroused by the perfect beauty of the songs which we sang. These forty minutes thrice a week are the happiest periods in our recollection.

For the first two years in the H. T. H. S., Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth was our music instructor. The last two years we studied music under the supervision of Miss Mabel C. Monroe, except during the last three months Miss Golda F. Baker has been our director.

During three years the four classes sang as a unit, but it was decided it would be more convenient this year to divide the chorus into two separate classes.

This year the High School first appeared as a chorus at the Farmers' Institute. We sang, "Oh, Italia, Italia, Beloved," a composition of surpassing beauty, also "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," a chorus of exquisite charm and melody.

Our class is the possessor of a girls' trio, the only one known to High School history for several years, which we have maintained the entire four years. We possess also a boys' quartette, which has done some good work, although it is not of so long a duration as the trio.

The class of 1911 expect to give a Comic Opera the first of June entitled, "The Captain of Plymouth." The opera is based upon Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and we are very anxious to make it a success. Commencement exercises will be held this year the sixteenth of June. At this time the Seniors will bid farewell to the dear old Hobart High School and our beloved instructors who have done so much for our betterment. We know that our work, our friends, our teachers, yes, the very school shall in some manner enter into the harmony of our lives.

May we catch the trill in the songs of the birds, and feel the thrill of patriotism as we sing our national songs. May we be inspired by the anthem and soothed by the lullaby. May we hear the harmony about us and turn a deaf ear to all the discords and "Make Life, Death and that vast Forever, One Grand, Sweet Song."

ELMAIDA JOHNSTON.

THE ORCHESTRA

CLASS DAY—"The Captain of Plymouth."

"THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH"

A Comic Opera in Three Acts, by Tibbals and Eldridge

Friday Evening, June 2, 1911

Cast of Characters:

Miles Standish, who is wonderfully like Caesar	Carl Lennertz
John Alden, the diligent scribe	Fred Weaver
Elder Brewster, who believes life is only sorrow	Herbert Hartnup
Erasmus, Miles Standish's right bower	Hugo Fifield
Wattawamut, Chief of all the Pequots	Paul Bruebach
Pecksuot, Indian Messenger	Roy Ramenstein
Richard (Lads of the Colony)	Harold Tabbert
Stephen (Lads of the Colony)	Leon Killigrew
Gilbert (Lads of the Colony)	William Fleck
Priscilla, the fairest maid of Plymouth	Elmaida Johnston
Mercy, an early American girl	Marguerite Swanson
Katonka, an Indian Princess	Isa Bullock
Charity (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Edna Borger
Patience (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Alvina Krausse
Mary (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Alice Larson
Martha (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Rose Phillips
Hester (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Cora Demmon
Ruth (A Sextette of Plymouth Daisies)	Matilda Harms

Indian Maidens

Isa Bullock, Bliss Shearer, Gladys Maxwell, Emma Gruel, Bertha Kraft, Clara Mayhak, Ona Crockett, Ruth Johnson.

Sailors, Soldiers, Indians

Paul Bruebach, Hugo Fifield, Carl Lennertz, Everett Newman, William Fleck, Harold Tabbert, Ralph Banks, Roy Ramenstein, Raymond Morton, Oscar Mayhak, Charlie Smith.

Hazel Halsted, Accompanist.

SYNOPSIS

Act I

SCENE—Colony of Plymouth.

Opening Chorus, "Happy are we, tho' far o'er the sea."
Chorus of Puritans.

Elder Brewster reproves them for levity. "This is not a land of play."

Solo and Trio—" The Wail of the Prophet. " Brewster and youths, Stephen, Richard and Gilbert.

Enter John Alden on his way to present Miles Standisb's offer of marriage to Priscilla. " I must relinquish it all."

Solo and trio—"Friendship's call," John Alden and maids, Mercy, Patience and Charity.

Richard announces the arrival of Captain Standish and his invincible army.

" Hail, Captain of Plymouth," Chorus of Puritans.

Grand review of the well drilled army.

Miles upbraids John for his delay in delivering the message. " You ought to bave a job on the Merchants' Dispatch."

Pecksuot brings a challenge to fight from Wattawamut. Miles's reply.

" Just Wbat a Little Maiden Should Do," Mercy and Sextette.

John confides his troubles to Brewster. " Priscilla is to wed the captain."

Miles calls for Erasmus. Brewster relates how he has been punished for flirting. Miles holds an investigation.

Solo—" Love is Life," Priscilla.

Miles attempts to make love to Priscilla. " I'll tackle the job."

Enter Sailors of tbe Mayflower, who are about to leave Plymouth.

"Song of tbe Sea," Sailors.

Enter Puritan maids, begging sailors to stay.

Finale, "Good Ship, go sailing back over the Sea," Priscilla, Jobn annd chorus.

Act II

SCENE 1—Interior of Priscilla's bome in Plymouth.

Solo –"Spinning Song," Priscilla.

John brings the Captain's message: " Let us keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred profession of friendship." Priscilla's reply: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?"

Duet—"Love Thy Neighbor," John and Priscilla.

SCENE 2—Camp of tbe Pequots in the forest.

Erasmus and Miles tied to stake.

Indian Ghost Dance: "When the Bloom is on the Moon," Wattawamut and chorus of braves. Braves depart to gather wood.

"Let us die in a blaze of glory."

Katonka frees the captives after some persuasion. "I'll henceforth cling only to you."

Duet—"Flirtation," Miles and Katonka.

"Indian Lullaby."

" Hold ! Let this wild carnage cease!"

"The Only Captain Miles," Miles and chorus.

Finale: " Priscilla, the Maiden of Plymouth," Miles, Jobn, Brewster, Priscilla, Mercy and chorus.

Act III

SCENE—Plymouth Colony.

"Soldiers' song," Chorus of Puritans.

Miles and Erasmus discuss the situation. "Why will she not bave me ?" Katonka proves ber devotion.

Solo—"I'm sorry that I said it, but I did."

Gossip Song—"Nothing to do, but Chat," Mercy and Sextette.

Flirtation between Erasmus and Mercy.

Farewell scene between Priscilla and John. "I would rather see you dead at my feet."

All the Colony gatber to celebrate the wedding of the Captain and Priscilla.

Interruption by Katonka—"The Captain belongs to me!"

"John, Priscilla is yours!"

Finale: Chorus of Puritans.

A SUMMER IDYL.

REDFIELD BURKE, as the owner of the name invariably signed himself, was the pepperiest proposition of an angel this earth has ever seen. He was the owner of the fiercest good disposition, described as "A pot of mustard that's clear balm—if you don't mind geting stung when it is applied." But among his many friends the full name had inevitably been supplanted by the nickname, for the big, red-haired, quick tempered, warm hearted fellow was "Red Pepper."

One day in the latter part of May, when spring had put on her festal garments, "Red," with trunks and any number of suit cases, hat boxes and the like, to the disgust and despair of his friends, started for a certain quiet country place in New England where he might fish to his heart's content.

At half-past six of the glorious next morning he was out—fresh, clear-eyed, and alert. Just because the sky was blue, the breeze tonic, the earth dew-wet, shining and created new, he had to be out. As he went down the steps to the sunken garden, aimlessly, a solemn hound padded out from a side path and accepted him. It was welcome companionship. He wandered down into a fragrant meadow, pockets stuffed with sandwiches and a trout rod in one hand. The stream was narrow and deep, for the most part flowing silently between level banks fragrant with mint and scented grass; but here and there a small moss-grown dam choked the current into a deeper pool below, into which poured musical waterfalls.

There were trout there, yellow, speckled, and greedy, but devious in their ways, and uncertain as April mornings. There were also frogs there, solemn green ones that snapped at the artificial flies and came out of the water with slim limbs outstretched and glistening. Redfield was fond of frogs; he often sat for hours watching them afloat along the bank or squatting majestically upon some mossy stone.

The trout were coy. One great fellow leaped for the fly, missed it, leaped again into the depths, waving his square tail derisively. "Red" walked slowly down the brook, casting ahead into the stream, sometimes catching his fly in the rank grass, sometimes defeating the maneuvers of some fat frog, and now and then landing a plump trout among the perfumed mint. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when he left the last pool, before the meadow brook flows silently into the woods where slim black trout lurk.

His way lay through a woodland strip, and "Red" enjoyed this part of his walk immensely. He kept an eager eye out for the early flowers, slowly adding to the bunch in his hand. He knew every one, not by their common name, but as a botanist. The sight of some especially fine specimens tempted him from the road and he wandered along, not noticing how far he was penetrating the woods. Suddenly he heard a shrill cry to his left, and ran in its direction. The cry was repeated again and again as he ran.

As he came nearer to the location from which he had heard the cries he realized that he was on the bank of a swift moving stream. Just below were the falls, and just below the rapids. There is no more dangerous place on the whole stream than here except at the falls and rapids themselves. With one bound he broke through the underbrush. There on the bank stood Olive Forbs wringing her hands and screaming with all her might, while below her, clinging with one hand to an overhanging branch, was Harry, her small brother. Both he and Olive lived along the south road.

The next instant he had thrown off coat and collar and rolled his sleeves high, so a brawny arm gleamed in the bright sunlight and the open shirt exposed a powerful neck. He did not hesitate a moment, but measuring the distance with his eye, let himself out over the boy, and held to an upper limb of the tree. The cold water had stiffened the boy's hand until his fingers barely clutched the slippery wood, and it was but a matter of seconds until he would be swept away down over the falls into the rapids, from which no living thing had ever emerged.

"Hold tight, Harry, until I get hold of you," he called out cheerily, then leaped down as far as he could, and caught hold of his coat collar with a firm grasp. The boy was fourteen and well grown for his age, so his weight by itself made the task difficult. Added to this he had to pit his strength against the swift current, and work in a constrained position, himself hanging out over the turbulent water, much higher than ordinary on account of the fortnight's rain.

"Let go, and trust to me," he called out, and on the instant the boy's fingers slipped off, his body swung out, and his eyes closed in sheer exhaustion.

With muscles held taut, the young man worked, gaining inch by inch. Steadily he brought himself back along the limb, hauling Harry with him. Just as he saw safety within his reach the branch broke, and he with his burden fell into the stream. However the water was not over his head, and so without losing presence of mind, he grabbed at the limb to which Harry had been clinging, and by sheer physical ef-

fort managed to get him clear of the current, then dragged himself out and pulling the lad out from the mud and puddles, bent over him. It took all "Red's" knowledge to bring him out of the death-like stupor.

So successful was he that before Olive returned with help, Harry was sitting up and looking about him. So turning the injured boy over to the men, Redfield set off at a rapid walk to town, for he realized he was chilled through and through.

The remainder of Redfield Burke's vacation was spoiled by neither spot nor blemish. The ideal days, days created to order, were spent in hunting, fishing and boating. "Red" has learned how to get close to those with whom he may come in daily contact and to make good in every way. He found his greatest champion in Harry Forbs and knows he will always have the confidence and affection of one small lad.

ELMAIDA JOHNSTON.

Mr. Zaugg—"Where is the most graphite found?"
Alice—"In pencils."

Mr. Thompson—"What is a swain?"
Paul—" It's something like a stork."

Mr. Zaugg—"Elmaida, why is it you are never here on time?"
Elmaida—"I think it's because school starts before I get here."

"Shall I brain him?" asked the Senior,
And the victim's courage fled,
"You can't, he is a Junior—
Just hit him on the head."—(Ex.)

Mr. Thompson—"Paul, under what pretense was Joan of Arc put to death?"
Paul—"Burned at the stake."

Mr. Zaugg— "Well tomorrow we will study match making."
Impudent Senior—"I don't need to study that, I know how to make matches."

The conscientious Freshman toils,
To get his lessons, tough;
The Sophomores work,
The Juniors shirk,
But the Seniors—Oh, they bluff.
(Quinn.)

Edna (reciting in English)—"The first thirty years of his life he was a young man."

Freshman (reading Lady of the Lake)—The young and boney (bonny) bride.

Miss Quinnell confesses to the Virgil class she has been stung twice. By whom?

Lines of Caesar still remind us,
We can make our grades sublime,
And by asking silly questions
Take up all the teacher's time.

Alvina (in Chemistry)—"I've never seen any solid iodine, have you?"
Elsie—"No, but I have seen solid ivory."

Wanted by the SENIORS—A check room for chewing gum.

Isa, completing her recitation—"At the end of his life he died."

One of the Freshmen is afflicted with jim jams. Let us hope it is not catching.

Who wouldn't be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand,
A wreath of laurel upon his brow,
And diploma in his hand?

Miss Quinnell—"Harold isn't here. He must be out gossiping somewhere."
Bright Junior—"No, Bliss has a class this period."

Mr. Zaugg—"How many have ever seen the odor of hydrogen sulphide?"

Christmas Wishes of the Classes.

Freshies—Some more brains.

Sophomores—Something bright so we can shine.

Juniors—A courting period.

Seniors—A cure for iove sickness.

Say, Rusty, did you ever hear that motto, "The bionde is a trifler, false the brunette?"

When

Wiii Cora cease cracking jokes?

Wili Miss Quinneli learn that the Junior class is not the only class in H. T. H. S.?

Wili aii the Seniors be on time?

Wili Hobart get a square deal at the County Contest?

Roy—"Say, Edith, who you writing to?"

Edith—Indignantiy—"My Sunday school teacher, of course."

Miss Quinnell—"You don't talk very ioud, Hugo. You aren't used to such a iarge audience."

Miss Q.—Translating the first line as she assigns the lesson: "Now this is no dream."

Marguerite, after Miss Wood has finished expiaining shorthand—"I believe that's right."

Those bright transiations in Vergil—

Roy (transiating Passus gravis)—"Piease pass the gravy."

Cinders of Sychwaeus," by a Junior boy.

"O, dear ciothes," by a Senior boy.

"She iights on her head," by a Junior giri.

Does anybody know how many Sophs are in H. T. H. S.? The class is so large this year that no one seems to be able to count them.

We wouid advise the next year's Seniors to have a circus instead of pubiishing an annuai, seeing they have so many wonderful persons and such a great variety of them.

Mr. Thompson in English—"Do you think the feilows in the eariy days had as much trouble fixing their hair as the giris do now?"

Marguerite—"Why, they just wore wigs, didn't they?"

Miss Quinnell (in Geometry)—"Now let us hear Ex. 112. Oh! Nobody has that."

Leon (rising to expiain)—"Thank you."

IMPORTANT DATES OF THE YEAR

Oct. 3—School Starts.

Oct. 17—School dismissed, no heat.

Oct. 29—First number of the Lecture Course.

Nov. 4—Seniors select class pins.

Nov. 7—Class colors chosen?

Nov. 8—Election day. Seniors still selecting class colors.

Nov. 9—Boys broke, but still staunch politicians.

Nov. 10—First day of music in the Auditorium.

Nov. 14—Canned again. Poor Seniors.

Nov. 18—Seniors have their pictures taken. Act outrageous.

Nov. 23—Exams.

Dec. 1—Second number of the Lecture Course.

Dec. 7—Bunch gets Stung. Debate questions handed out.

Dec. 8—All the Seniors arrive on time.

Dec. 13—Senior party on Fred.

Dec. 14—Debate. Where was Hugo?

Dec. 15—Fish still alive.

Dec. 31—Third number of the Lecture Course.

Jan. 8—Lightner holds Bertha's hand in German.

Jan. 27—Miss Quinnell disappears. Is it an elopement or was she kidnapped?

Jan. 28—Boys go to Valpo to play B. B. Who won?

Jan. 30—Miss Quinnell appears on the scene. But O!!!! where is the lucky man?

Jan. 31—O, fateful day—the faculty meet and discuss the credits.

Feb. 2—Wearily thou shalt know wherein thy faults lie.

Feb. 3—Isn't it cute? What? O, the picture.

Feb. 7—Take off your H's. Senior scrap. They took them off. (Nit).

Feb. 10—Gary's Boys and Girls play B. B. at Hobart. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Feb. 10—Gary boys and Girls play Stung?

Feb. 13—Last number of the Lecture Course.

Feb. 23—Girls take a trip to Chicago. Oh, the middy-blouses!

Feb. 27—Girls go to Gary. Beaten by one point.

Mar. 4—Hobart vs. Hebron. Three cheers for Hobart.

Mar. 6—Junior boys beat Senior boys??????

Mar. 8—Larry goes to Gary. Oh, Nellie!

Mar. 8—Monograms arrive.

Mar. 10—Hobart boys vs. Whiting boys. Senior girls vs. Junior girls. Hurrah for the Seniors. After the game the Seniors gave the Juniors a spread to heal their wounded feelings.

Mar. 16—Mr. Zaugg bumped his head. (Awful).

Mar. 23—"Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard" given by the High School pupils.

Mar. 25—Hobart boys and girls go to Hebron. The boys see the girls play?

Mar. 27—Senior girls of the B. B. team have their pictures taken.

Mar. 28—Junior B. B. have their pictures taken.

Mar. 31—Miss Monroe leaves us.

April 1—Did you bite?

April 3—Miss Baker takes the position as Supervisor of Music.

April 9—Some of the Seniors have their pictures taken for the Annual.

April 17—Preliminary Contest.

April 28—Contest at Hammond.

May 22—"Mr. Bob" given by the Freshmen and Sophomores.

May 27—Athletic Meet at Crown Point.

June 2—Senior Class Play.

June 3—Dual Meet with Whiting.

June 5—Junior Girls entertain Athletic Team.

June 14—Junior Reception.

June 16—Graduation.

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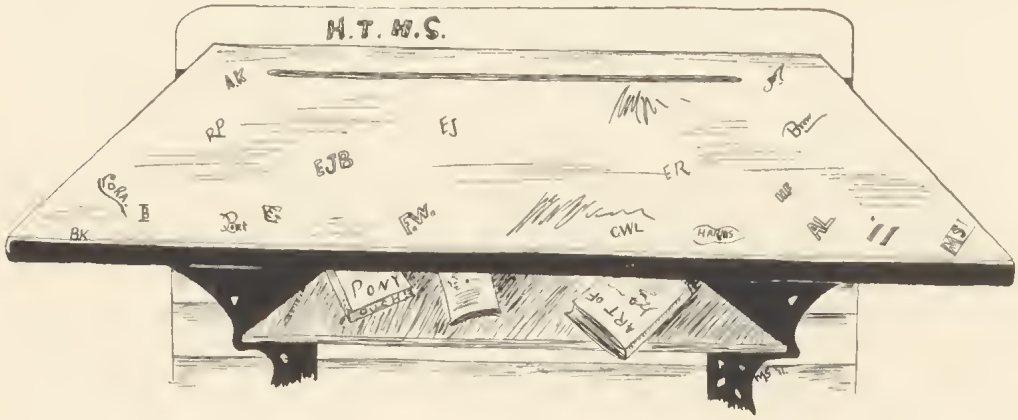
High Schools furnish the foundation and we are concerned chiefly in laying this foundation firm. The child must be well grounded in the elementary subjects. He must be master of these leading principles.

The teacher not only exerts his power to train the child in these elementary subjects, but also exerts his forces to train the child, that he may be strong, physically, mentally and morally. The young man or young woman who has fine intellect, thorough knowledge of various sciences, will have no standing in the community without the other elements that go to make a man or woman. In other words, the teacher must not only develop the child so far as the course of study is concerned, but must guide the young man or young woman to take his place among honest men and women in the community. That which the teacher takes the greatest pride in, is not that the child can work every problem, is not that the child can write a page without making a mistake, is not that the child can read and write a foreign language; I say it is not this so much as it is the character. We, as teachers, take more pride in watching the career of those who pass from under our control, as they enter the various vocations and professions and realizing that they are doing the work earnestly, that they are trying to do the work better than it has been done before. We take pride in knowing that the graduates from our schools will in the future become the most influential members of the society or community in which they move.

G. H. THOMPSON.

"MR. BOB," May 22, 1911



CLASS WILL

WE, THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIORS of 1911, being of sound mind and body, of testamentary age and capacity, do hereby make this our last will and testament, and declare all previous wills to be null and void.

We do hereby direct that all of our just debts and expenses be paid out of our treasury; the remainder we donate to the Freshmen.

We do further direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by the Sophomores, the Faculty only being present, that the funeral shall be carried on with the pomp and dignity to which our standing entitles us.

As to such estate, both real and personal, as it has been our fortune to acquire, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz:

Item: We do hereby give and bequeath to the class of 1912:—

(a) Our Senior dignity, which must not, under any condition, be abused.

(b) Our desks in Room Twelve, and the advice that should they find our note books, ponies, and other valuable possessions, that they be destroyed immediately lest they serve another class than that of 1911.

(c) The pattern of our class pin and the price of same.

(d) The privilege of depositing fifty cents before experimenting in the laboratory.

Item: We do give and bequeath to the Sophomores, Class of 1913:—

(a) Our favorite game, "I've got a bright idea."

(b) Our seats in the Auditorium.

(c) All of our numerous quarrels and troubles which they may continue indefinitely.

(d) The privilege of preparing for the semester examinations in the way which will be most helpful.

(e) Our most cordial and gracious mode of entertaining.

Item: We do hereby give and bequeath to the Class of 1914:—

(a) Joy, peace and prosperity throughout their reign in the kingdom of H. T. H. S. This is all. It would be wasteful to spend time in giving to those who seem so very able to get.

Item: To Miss Quinnell we do give and bequeath the waste strip of land, in the rear of the school, for the cultivation of botany specimens.

Item: To Mr. Newlin, we do give and bequeath the privilege of telling the future arithmetic classes, what an ideal class we were. He may also have the grades he so generously gave said class.

Item: To Miss Wood, we do give and bequeath the editorial sign pasted on the transom of the library door.

Item: To Miss Baker, we do give and bequeath the music stand she so earnestly requested, and never received (if she can get it.)

Item: To Miss Monroe, we do give and bequeath our heartfelt congratulations on her engagement, provided the class of 1911 receive an invitation to assist in tying the knot.

Item: To Mr. Zaugg, we do give and bequeath our sincerest regards, and our deep and lasting friendship, which we wish him to retain throughout his life.

Item: To Mr. Thompson, we do give and bequeath our love and gratitude, and the knowledge that he was ever the favorite teacher of the class of 1911.

Item: Lastly, we do give and bequeath all of our remaining possessions to the dentists of Hobart, who have so successfully deprived us of teachers.

Item: We hereby nominate and appoint Professors G. H. Thompson and W. A. Zaugg to be executors of this, our last will and testament, as being the most trustworthy and faithful of our numerous friends.

In witness whereof, we, the class of 1911, have set our hand and seal this sixteenth day of the sixth month in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred eleven.

(SEAL).

THE SENIORS.

Witnesses:

M. C. MONROE,
G. F. BAKER,
O. A. NEEF.

MATILDA HARMS.

THE OFFICE

The Photographs in this Annual were made by Haase, Hobart, Indiana

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collector who merited congratulations upon possession of a masterpiece. The first mail thereafter carried to New York an offer of eight hundred dollars for the painting from the President of the Museum of her own town. After a few days it was generally known, but mentioned with bated breath, the "Moonlight" had been bought by a wealthy Philadelphian who paid for it two thousand dollars and hung it in his gallery.

Remembering that one of our classmates, Fred Weaver, had had early ambitions to become President of some institution of learning, I wondered if this Professor was our old classmate. She then handed me a New York Educator of January issue, 1931, which read as follows: "Fred Weaver, Ph. D., has graduated from the Center Normal College, Indiana University and New York University. He has been president of the last named institution for two years, during which time the school has enjoyed unusual prosperity. Dr. Weaver is an instructor of rare ability, a man in every sense and the friend of every student. His success may be expressed by the fact that he is celebrated both in Europe and in this country for his psychological experiments."

After reading this I was reminded of an advertisement in a daily paper which ran something like this: "Yon are wanted in the Electrical field if you are handy with tools, can read and write, and want to learn the best paying trade in the only Electrical School west of New York. We will teach you to become a first class practical Electrician and guarantee to place you in a good paying position. The school furnishes all material and tools gratis."

Electrical Workers School,
Paul Bruebach, Supt.

"Being called to Calumet one day last summer on a professional visit," said Alice, "I noticed while walking down the street a sign bearing these words, Carl Lennertz, Attorney at Law. I hurried up the stairway to a nicely furnished office where I was welcomed and I will tell you of his experience. 'Thirteen years ago,' he said, ' I rented an office for the practice of law in Buffalo, New York. At the end of eighteen months I had never lost a case, for I never had a case to lose, so I decided to come here where I have been successful."

Soon the conversation lulled and reaching for a magazine he read the following articles: Miss Emma Gruel went to Valparaiso for a term of Commercial work. Then went to Pueblo where she spent some time serving in her professional capacity at a sanitarium. She is now in Boulder, Colorado, engaged in the real estate business and doing nicely.

The Western Penman takes much pleasure in presenting to its

readers, this month, a photograph of Miss Cora Demmon, of Philadelphia, whose remarkable expertness in rapid writing has attracted the attention of business teachers generally. We do not deny, nor do we doubt, that this young lady and others can write for a minute at the rate of seven figures a second, but it is almost an incredible record."

"I wonder where Matilda Harms is," said I. "Oh!" said Alice, "a year ago she went to Reno, Nevada, where women stand a better chance. She is head pharmacist in the largest establishment in the city and judging by the newspaper write-ups, 'the only lady pharmacist in the city.' "

Then Alice told me of the last meeting of the County Medical Society at which she met Dr. Hugo Fifield. Being a very optimistic man Dr. Hugo gave the following in a special talk: "I can cure the world, or at any rate eliminate the opportunity for folks to fall ill in the future, if you will only help me destroy the medical trust by printing my articles. This notion of stopping all sickness is old enough, but the notion of our doing the trick seems to us to give it novelty. However our method of curing the world is to cure it piecemeal, so we will not go deeper than to set down the four commandments which the good doctor brings down to us.

First Commandment—Thou shalt not be Vaccinated.

Second Commandment—Thou shalt not take any disease by Contagion.

Third Commandment—Thou shalt not be quarantined.

Fourth Commandment—Thou shalt not take disease from Germs.

On conversing with him after the meeting he told of our soprano, Elmaida Johnston, who after winning great renown as a singer, is now a composer of music, several pieces of which have made a hit. "A few of the best," he said, were, "When the Husband Builds the Fire," "The Aeroplane Aid Society," "Love by Wireless," and " He Just Suits Me."

As we rode on she told me of how Marguerite Swanson had gone to Oxford and taken up the study of domestic science. She liked this work very much and found great pleasure in it, so great in fact that she desired to share her pleasure with another and now she is practicing domestic science in her own home.

"Bert Hartnup, do you remember him? I just happened to have a friend visiting me some time ago," continued Alice, "and she told me of one of their neighbors starting for the wilds of Africa as a missionary. She was so interested in the event that I asked who it was and much to my surprise I learned that it was our classmate, Bert."

There was one in our class whose ambition was to become a kindergarten worker. Isa Bullock is a graduate of Indiana State Normal School, and is making an enviable record in primary grade work. She began teaching in Tipton and last November resigned to accept a position at Indianapolis. Her record as a student is borne out in her teaching and her supervisor speaks of her work in the highest terms.

While Dr. Alice was making her call I remembered one more of our class of whom we had not spoken, so on our homeward journey I told her how Miss Bertha Kraft of Laporte had started for Porto Rico, where she had been commissioned by the government to organize normal schools. Bertha has full central direction of this branch of educational work, which the government proposes to extend to the group of Philippine Islands, with the assurance given the young Indiana woman that she will superintend its introduction. Bertha established the first normal school in Porto Rico about a year ago, and its success resulted in a decision to establish a system of schools with instructors from this country.

I felt sleepy, my eyes grew dim, the curtains seemed to drop and rise again. I staggered to my feet, only to find myself still under the protecting shade of the same old oak tree.

ROSE PHILLIPS.

PAUSE A MOMENT AND LOOK BACKWARD

VALEDICTORY.

LADIES and Gentlemen:—We, the class of 1911, have gathered here to greet you for the last time in our High School course. We, through patient study have climbed to the top round of the ladder in our High School career. We do not expect the results of our training to come to us immediately but hope through the use of our study to acquire the gift of concentration. One writer has said that, "The education received at school and college is but a beginning, and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us in the habit of continuous application and enables us to educate ourselves after a definite plan and system."

If all the knowledge we have acquired has given us higher ideals, higher thoughts and higher ambitions for the future it has fulfilled its purpose. These things we hope have been accomplished and we wish to thank our kind friends for all the advantages with which we have been favored. We thank our friends who have watched us month by month and have urged us on, encouraged us to do better things. The class of 1911 sincerely thank you for your interest in our work and aim to become members of society worthy of such a school and community.

We look back into the years which we as classmates have spent together, long days of happiness which will never be repeated. A voice urges, "Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis," (Go on, prepare yourself for better things). Our minds then turn to the future, colored by the hopes and dreams of the present. We look up the steep hill of success and see the winding paths, long and rough, and are not disheartened. We must press to the shining summit for there our ideal beckons to us and again we hear, "Go on, prepare yourself for better things."

As we set out upon this highway the dear old school days have a new meaning to us. A vision of the future rises before us and we see each classmate at his task, some serving mankind in the quiet walks of life and reaping the golden reward of inward happiness; others treading the more ambitious ways, pushing aside our limitations and winning the benison of a grateful people.

But when we look around and count the number that have left school to face the road unprepared our hearts are filled with compassion that they have chosen wrongly or have been denied the benefits of education.

Teachers and companions, one and all, we now bid you our last farewell as the curtain (the past) falls and our High School days are over. But while this hides the beautiful sphere around us, another curtain is drawn up and we again look into the future, "Far as human eye can see," and we see the morning of a new day inviting us to our labors.

HERBERT HARTNUP.

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VALPARAISO, INDIANA

One of the Largest Institutions of Learning in the United States

THOROUGH INSTRUCTION AT THE LOWEST EXPENSE

The Institution was organized with the idea of giving to every person, whether rich or poor, a chance to obtain a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. That it is performing this mission is indicated by the numbers who avail themselves of the advantages offered.

University Place

The Institution was established in 1873 with 3 Departments, 4 instructors and an annual enrollment of 210 different students. Now there are

25 Departments 191 Instructors

and an annnual enrollment last year of

5521 Different Students

The reason for this growth is in the fact that the Institution is constantly increasing its facilities, strengthening its courses of study and offering additional advantages without making the expense to the student any greater.

It is well equipped with buildings, library, laboratories and apparatus for giving instruction in the following

DEPARTMENTS:—Preparatory, Teachers', Kinderarten, Primary, Psychology and Pedagogy, Manual Training, Scientific, Biology, Civil Engineering, Classical, Higher English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Elocution and Oratory, Music, Fine Art, Law, Pharmacy, Medical, Dental, Commercial. Penmanship, Phonography and Typewriting, Review.

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The Revised Course in Civil Engineering is proving a most valuable acquisition. No extra charge.

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It is thought by some that because the expenses are so low the character of the instruction must be inferior.

It is but just to say that the salaries of the instructors equal those of the best state and private universities. In other words the low rates have not been made at the expense of a high grade of instruction, but have been made by applying business principles to

"The Cost of Living"

so that the most satisfactory accommodations for board and room may be had at from $1.70 to $2.75 per week. **Tuition $18 per quarter of twelve weeks or $60 if paid in advance for 48 weeks.** If the entire tuition is paid in advance for the year it includes all of the departments, excepting Medical, Dental and private lessons in Music. The total expense of board, tuition, and furnished room for the regular school year, (thirty-six weeks) need not exceed $109.20, or for forty-eight weeks, $141.60.

DEPARTMENT of DENTISTRY

On account of the clinical advantages this department is located in Chicago, just one block from the medical department of the school. The building, 80x120 feet, 5 stories high, is occupied entirely by the Dental School.

The school has been established for a quarter of a century under the well known name of

Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

Dr. Truman W. Brophy, M. D., D. D. S., LL. D., has been Dean of the college from the beginning and continues to act in the same capacity. His name is favorably known in dental circles in every city in this as well as in foreign countries.

Students enter the Dental Department at the beginning of the year only. All other departments at any time.

DEPARTMENT of MEDICINE

The course of study in this is the same as that of the best medical schools. Valparaiso University owns its college and hospital buildings in both Valparaiso and Chicago. The Chicago buildings are just across the street from the Cook County Hospital, in one of the greatest Medical Centers in the world. The Medical Department is conducted in accordance with the laws of the State and the Degree of Doctor of Medicine is conferred on all who complete the course.

Chicago Medical Building

Two years of the work may be done in Valparaiso, thus greatly reducing the expenses, or the entire four years may be done in Chicago.

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CALENDAR:—*Thirty-Ninth Year will open Sept. 19, 1911;* Second Term, Dec. 12, 1911; Third Term, March 5, 1912; Fourth Term, May 28, 1912; *Mid-Spring Term, April 2, 1912; Mid-Summer Term, June 25, 1912.*